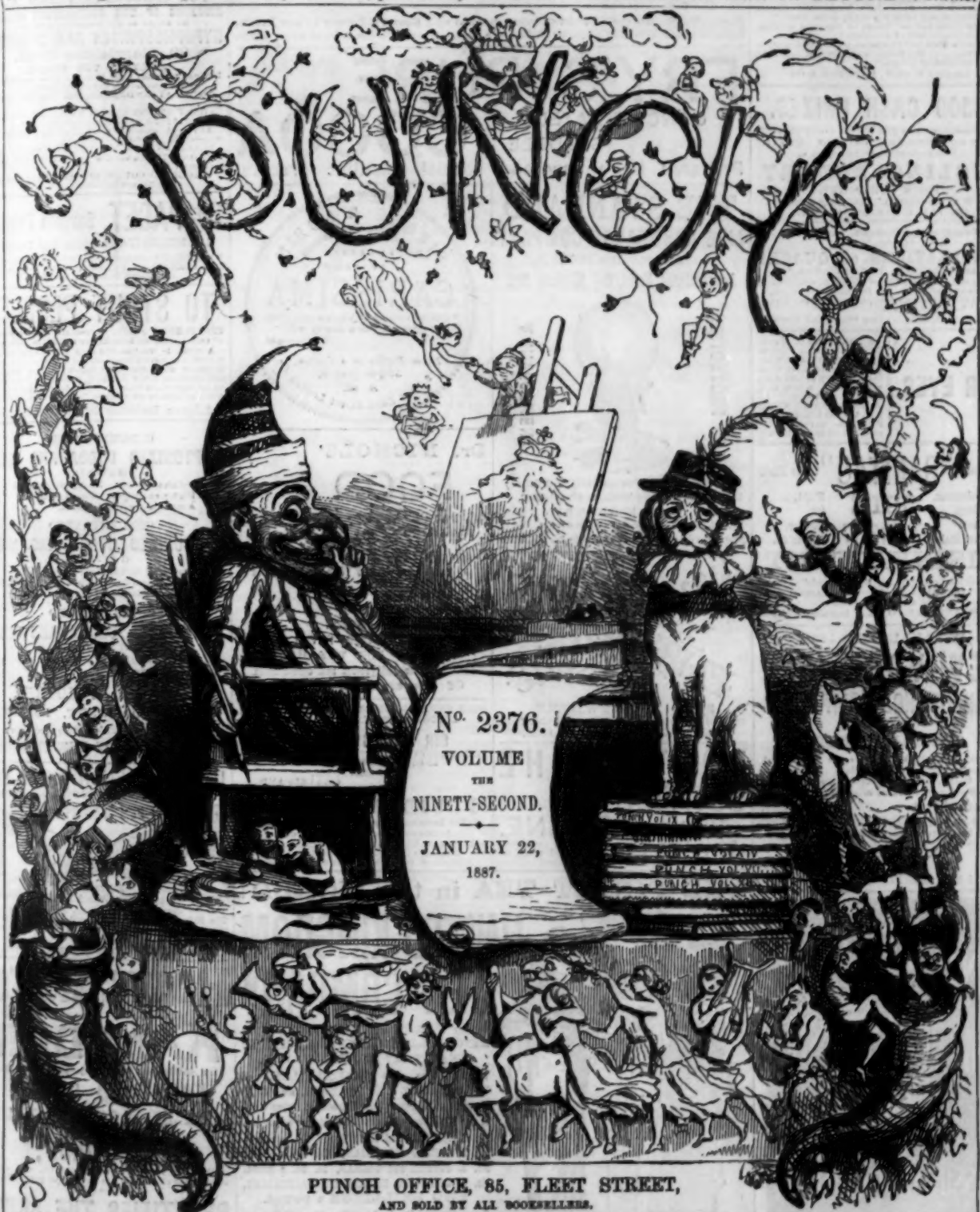


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Seasonable Song.

Foser would a-brewing go,
Whether November had hooked it or no,
With its rolling peasoupy pall of asphyxia,
Heigho! says the British Public!

THE American House of Representatives has passed a Bill for the suppression of Polygamy in Utah, at the same time abolishing Woman Suffrage in that land, where ladies are supposed to be in the majority. This seems to suggest that it is the ladies themselves who support the system. Mormons and strong-minded females are already prophesying that the Bill will be an Utah failure!

To the Author of "The Ring and the Book."

If on an old subject again you would sing,
Some truth a particular *clique* might be taught to.
So pipe, Sir, about the South Kensington "Ring,"
And the "Book" which they ought to be brought to!

THE Ghost's Bargain—One Shilling. This is a real bargain reprint, by Messrs. CHAPMAN & HALL, of this, as well as the four other Christmas stories by DICKENS, at the same price each.

SHOCKING OUTRAGE UPON AN ELDERLY GENTLEMAN.

(Important Letter lately received by Mr. Punch.)

SIR,—In writing to expose in your columns the unseemly treatment to which I have recently been subjected, I am not, I humbly trust, actuated by any feelings of revenge. I merely wish to give some idea of the extent to which young people of the present day are penetrated by a spirit of irreverence towards those, who in my early days, would have been listened to with respectful attention. I may pause here to remark that I am a man who throughout a long and prosperous commercial career, has been accustomed to a marked deference in those circles in which he moves, which I attribute in a great measure to my invariable practice of discountenancing any undue flippancy in my presence. Well, Sir, some short time since, I, in company with my dear wife, spent a few days at a certain Hydropathic Establishment in the vicinity of the Metropolis. A large proportion of our fellow-visitors had not attained years of discretion, and you would doubtless expect that they would refrain from obtruding themselves at all upon the notice of their elders, without some special encouragement. What will you say, Sir, when I tell you that—so far from that—they attempted, under the guise of a "Committee of Amusements," to dictate to us the manner in which we were to spend our evenings!

I do not say that I found much to object to on the first evening of my visit, though some of the recitations struck me as unnecessarily frivolous, but, before the second, it reached my ears that the Committee contemplated the performance of a Charade to be followed by a dance! Now, neither I nor my dear wife dance, while we hold all entertainments of a theatrical nature in the strongest disapproval, carrying consistency so far indeed, as to have repeatedly declined to take part in, or even witness, "Dumb Crambo" performed by near relatives, some of whom were well advanced in years. We do not judge those who think differently—it is a matter for the conscience of each—but such are our views, and so we were naturally disgusted by the selfishness of proposing an amusement in which all could not participate. Short as the time I spent in the Establishment was, I had even then attained a certain influence over those of a similar way of thinking, and, amongst us, we brought a pressure to bear which led to the Charade and Dance being abandoned, although I fear in no very good or proper frame of mind.

I proposed games as an alternative, for I am no foe to harmless merriment—far from it, Sir, old as I am, I enjoy a romp with a party of dear young friends, as much as many a younger man. But on this occasion, my dear wife being present, I confined my suggestions to sports which are almost purely intellectual in their nature, and demand nothing but a ready wit, a sheet of paper, and a lead pencil. My proposition was received with the utmost hostility by all the younger members of the company, with one single exception—a young lady, whose appearance struck me, I must confess, as distinctly prepossessing at the time—though my dear wife (with that true woman's instinct, which, in these matters, I have often been compelled to admit, is keener than my own) at once detected the levity and love of admiration that marred an otherwise attractive exterior. This young lady (for a strong sense of duty compels me to give her name in full) was a Miss TRIxie LARKIN, and while affecting to welcome my suggestions with enthusiasm, she offered to introduce us to a new game which she described as being at the same time rational and exceedingly provocative of mirth. I consented readily, only stipulating that none of the dissentients should be permitted to join our party.

The gravest and most important amongst us were easily induced to take part in the new game of "Rabbits," for by this somewhat unmeaning appellation it seemed to be known, and so Miss TRIxie marshalled us all into the centre of the drawing-room, where we were directed to kneel down in a circle, and pass around the questions she, as leader, might originate. I placed myself on her left, my dear wife being at her right, and awaited the sequel with some amusement and anticipation. The first inquiry put was whether my wife was acquainted with the game, and she replying in a decided negative, was directed to pass on the question, which, after being asked and answered alike by all in succession, came at length to my turn. Not displeased that it should be reserved to me to receive initiation, and concluding all that had passed to have been a piece of mock formality, I said, with a smile, "Well, my dear Miss TRIxie, as it seems to be my turn to put the question, I ask you, then—do you know the game of, ah—" "Rabbits?"

Whereupon, Sir, that shameless minx (my dear wife's exact expression up in our bedroom afterwards) had the impertinence to look me straight in the eyes, and say, "No, I don't, indeed!" and leave us there, exposed to the ribald laughter of all who had been spectators of this most pointless piece of buffoonery!

We made a firm and dignified protest by leaving the room in a compact body on the spot; and I am willing to hope that the mirth and music which later assailed our ears were assumed to conceal the shame and mortification caused by our withdrawal.

But that such irreverence, such almost inconceivable levity, can be possible at all, appears to me to throw a lurid light upon the deterioration of the young persons of the present day, which is my only motive for mentioning a matter which, as it was a mere personal failure of respect, would otherwise have been at once forgotten by

Your obedient Servant,

POMPOUS PROUDFOOT.

A SAVING.—There has been much talk about "education for the million." But H.R.H. offers it for the "half-million," at the proposed "Imperial Institute."



Illustration (pleasantry). "Now, Mr. Bull, put in half-a-million, and the model will work." "Hum! Yes, very good idea, — but I should like to know something more about the machinery." *John Bull* (reflectively).

KEEPING UP THE CLASSICS.

"Yes, certainly. The study of the Classics must be maintained at all costs at our Universities and Public Schools," said Paterfamilias, decidedly. "I'll set TOMMY some Latin verses to do. GRAY wrote an ode 'On a Distant Prospect of Eton College.' TOMMY's holidays are nearly over; he shall write one on a near prospect of returning to the same ancient seminary. It will show me how the lad has progressed."

TOMMY's progress may be estimated from the following lines.

"They seem to want finish," said Paterfamilias, reflectively, at the end.

"Oh, I could have finished them ever so long ago, if I'd known that was what you wanted," replied the unabashed youth.

Hercle! Gubernator notionem cepit atrocem!
Me nunc desirat pumpere de studiis!
"Ad scholam (coelo gratias!) mox, TOMME, redibis;
Fac igitur versus," dixit, "elegiacos.
Addressum ad scholam. de finibus holidierum,
Fac," repetat. "Aliter, frivole, cave canem!"
Mi ocule! Ille "canem" considerat esse "flagellum!"
Antiqui pueri classica lingua tremit.
Latinam (admitto) linguam cordialiter odi;
Cogito rem totam jollius esse pudor!
Quantum humbugum! Sed rem tentare necesse est,
(Rem pendere volo!) quum pater ipse jubet.

Me posuit, timeo, nunc in cavo regulari,
Nam "Gradus," ille liber optimus, est alibi.
Cribbus abest etiam, et Dictionarius, et non
Sum multum dabit scribere versiculos.
Quid Romæ faciam? Felix cogitatio! Versus
Forte Pater pravos twiggere non poterit.
Hic it! "Arma virumque cano, qui primus ab oris"—
(Hei mihi! Quæ, Dickens, proxima linea sit?)
Nunquam mens! Hic it iterum! "Casus Genitivus
Concordat numero, genere, cum"—reliquis.
"Et Balbus muros (stultissimus!) edificabat,"
(Forsitan antiquus is "jerry-builder" erat?)
"Nunc subit illius tristissima notitia imago,"
(Cogito, sic dicit bestiulus OVIDIUS),
Quum Scholam repetam, condemnatosque Magistros,
In tergoque pedes accipiam juvenum.

Hem! Videor post omne tumor de versibus esse;
"Addressum ad Scholam" non ita difficile est!
Nos vapulat scævus, cognomine BUNN, Magister;
Post quod sattere down est dolor exorcians!
Nos pueri grubbum non primæ classis habemus,
Nec (nisi in camino) utere Bacche licet.
Fumabam quondam. Socius twiggebat odorem;
Et domino (sneakus!) nunciat omne scelus.
O! mihi qualis erat data castigatio tonans!
Sed lixi sneakum commode, crede mihi!
Nigratos oculos in nullo tempore habebat.
O! post omne, scholæ gaudia vera tenet!
Et sunt, quæ stomachos implent, emporia tucki;
Deque domo veniunt hampera—dulce domum!
Et, generale, Gubernator est tippere trumpus;
Admiror quantum post opus hoc dabitur?
Quid! Solum Pater exfurcavit semi-coronam!
O pudor! O mores! Sordidus est, timeo.

TURNING OVER NEW LEAVES.

(By Our Own Paper-Knifer.)

High Life and the Towers of Silence, (SAMUELSON LOW & Co.), might from its title be a Society Novel, only in such a connection a torrent of talk would be a more appropriate accompaniment to high life than towers of silence. However, it does not happen to be a society novel at all, but a delightful book of travels in Switzerland, by Mrs. MAIR. What makes it all the more interesting is, that it is entirely guiltless of the "regular Swiss round," and the beaten track of summer tourists. It gives graphic accounts of Switzerland in winter and spring, and the stories of climbing adventures are capitably told. Those who remember this lady's *High Alps in Winter*, can fancy what a pleasant and amusing book this must be. There is no special domain for Man left



CONTUMACY.

"HOW STUPID YOU ARE TO-DAY, EVA!"
"I'M NOT STUPID! I'M INATTENTIVE!"

nowadays. Women are not only expert climbers, but intrepid travellers. Before long, doubtless, ladies will be eligible for the Travellers' Club. In such a case probably among the first to be elected will be Mrs. HORE. Those who read the title of her book, *To Lake Tanganyika in a Bath-chair*, will probably think it a joke—nothing more adventurous than the Brighton invalid is ever associated with Bath-chairs. They will, however, find that the journey was anything but a joke; but that this undaunted lady, accompanied by her husband and her little son JACK and others—not all in one conveyance by the way—accomplished the greater part of the distance between Zanzibar and Tanganyika—over eight hundred miles, in a Bath-chair. What the traveller—or should we say traveller?—saw on the road, and the adventures she met with, are well worth reading. The fair sex are imitative: they are apt to follow a good lead. Probably we shall shortly see announced, *Through Honduras in a Hansom*, *To Bagdad on a Bicycle*, and other kindred works.

The Lady Drusilla (WARD AND DOWNEY), by THOMAS PURNELL, is certainly a new departure in romance. The author has abandoned all the usual machinery of the ordinary novelist. It is refreshing to find a writer in the present day who can strike out a line for himself, and produce a work full of thought and originality. *Playing with Fire* has nothing to do with hose or engines or escape-drill, but is a story of the Sudan War, by JAMES GRANT. You may take it for granted that it is full of bustle and incident. The veteran author of the *Romance of War* has by no means forgotten his art, and in the present work again unites romance with war successfully. *St. Nicholas* commences the year with a capital number. It is full of good things in the way of papers and poems, and the illustrations are excellent. There are two articles on Eton. In one, the writer, speaking of the conclusion of the procession of boats on the Fourth of June, says, "The boys are reviewed, and then they toss oars, and away they go amidst great applause, and up the river as far as Henley, where they have a supper of duck and green peas." I doubt very much, on the evening of the Fourth of June, whether the most enthusiastic "wet bob" would ever be induced to row as far as Henley, even with duck and green peas in prospect. I am inclined to think Surley Hall would be a far more likely place for the suppering.

A Half-and-Half Plea for some Porter.

THE Guardian of the Wicket-gate says, "Find you may some fitter Than me for Workhouse Porter. Porter?—ah, some calls me 'bitter.' Lots knocks and mocks. And often, when a thunderin' knock there's bin, I've hoped, and myself's the only one that's 'taken in.'"



A WILLING CONVERT.

First Man (lighting up). "SEE THOSE THREE GIRLS OVER THERE, JACK! EACH OF 'EM HAS THIRTY THOU.!"
(Jack Mardup thinks he remembers having heard that some Bishop was in favour of tolerating Polygamy, and wishes it would become fashionable.)

"MERRY IN HALL."

THE Hall is St. George's, Langham Place, which might by this time be called German Reed-gent Street. Do they still call the place of entertainment "The Gallery of Illustration?" We think not, though the book continues to call the characters "Illustrations." The other afternoon we contrived to squeeze in—this place is always crammed at holiday-time—and hear *The Friar*, a One-Act Operetta written by COMYNS CARR, and its music by CALDICOTT. A very pretty scene, and picturesque costumes, and as I listened to the dialogue which, it gradually dawned upon me, was in blank verse, I said to myself, remembering the Laureate's *Falcon* at the St. James's, "If J. COMYNS CARR goes on like this, TENNYSON isn't in it with him." And I am glad to say that, as the piece progressed, TENNYSON was not in it with him. To hear them talk in Elizabethan fashion, and to see the good folk right merrie, forsooth, at many of the japes and jests, and quips and quirks, by my halidame and marry come up but I wish that JOSEPH COMYNS CARR—such a Jo-Karr he is—had collaborated with WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE in such comic rustic scenes as those of *As You Like It* and *Love's Labour's Lost*.

Beshrew me, but Master CARR doth show a marvellous pretty wit. An the ladies FANNY HOLLAND and MARION WARDROPER do not act and sing charmingly, call me Door-post, for your door-post, mark you, can neither hear, see, nor sing. The song-words too are of a sort that you shall not buy from every sourvy ballad-monger. And the quality of Master NORTH HOME—sweet, sweet, HOME, mark ye, maidens all, when he sang—as *Hubert*, was indeed goodly both for eyes and ears. Master SAINT MATTHEWS bore himself as a most reverent *Abbot*; and as for Master ALFRED REED—good sooth, but he is a merry man and a full-grown one to boot, and if he have not as the players say, "all the fat of the piece," pluck me for a four-boy-cockroach. (*Shakespearean Note.* Why not this as well as a "three-man-beetle?")

And then, to bring us from the sixteenth century to the nineteenth, in comes Mr. CORNEY GRAY and sings, "*Oh, That Boy!*" the refrain of which everybody is humming on leaving the Hall. Capital song that of his, "*Be always kind to Animals, wherever you may be.*" Very funny idea, and we fancy, if our memory serve us well, not

absolutely unknown to Mr. Punch and his "Lazy Minstrel." The Lowther Arcade Concert is excellently managed, in a duet for piano and CORNEY. All good. As SHAKESPEARE, had he known the Gallery of Illustration, would have made *Hamlet* say to *Ophelia*, "Go to the Gallery, go!"

"FROM MOZART TO MARIO."

THIS title does not mean that you will find in these two volumes musical notes from the great Composer to the great Tenor,—for a very sufficient reason,—but it does mean that you will here read personal recollections of many Composers, Performers, and Singers, from the time of MOZART to that of MARIO, written by Mr. LOUIS ENGEL, who may be described, with mathematical precision, as "an acute ENGEL." It is as amusing, gossiping, readable, take-it-up-at-any-time sort of work, by a writer who, being composer, journalist, and pianist, has been "in it" all his life.



Every chapter is like a theme with so many variations, and all of them so erratic, that the original air on which they are founded would be entirely lost, were not the author to return to it now and again, just to keep up appearances. There is something about VERDI, MENDELSSOHN, BERLIOZ, WAGNER, AUBER, PATTI, NILSSON, also about MOZART and MARIO too, and a considerable amount about Mr. LOUIS ENGEL. As the Yankee song has it, "'Tis Engel-ish, you know! So Engel-ish, you know!" And the *nom-de-plume* of the musical author of these reminiscences might well be, "The Wandering Minstrel." But, from this portfolio of oddities, three scenes stand out vividly, and impress themselves on the reader's memory. The first is the interview of Mr. LOUIS ENGEL with the POPE; the second, his evening at the Duchesse's; and the third, his bounding dance with Mme. PATTI.

ULTIMA THULE; OR, TOOLE'S LATEST.



Mr. Nibbs. I hear, Sir, that one night last week you witnessed Mr. and Mrs. MERVILLE's piece, *The Butler*.

Mr. Punch. Yes, and I trust the piece between husband and wife being by this time well established, may be a lasting one. It is most amusing, and it is capitally acted.

Mr. Nibbs. Miss KATE PHILLIPS is so uncommonly good in it.

Mr. Punch. She is exactly the style of low-comedy *soubrette* that Mr. TOOLE wanted to share with him the comic business of his farcical pieces. She makes every point in the dialogue tell, she keeps her place (which is a great thing as cook in such an establishment) in the picture, without anything approaching unnecessary or obtrusive vulgarity.

Mr. Nibbs. And in fact, Sir, she is as one may say, "one of the lifes and souls" of the piece.

Mr. Punch. How pretty Miss MARIE LINDEN looks, and how charmingly she acts as *Alice Marshall*, with just that slight *tremolo* in her voice which is so sympathetic. Let me see, who played *Lady Anne*?

Mr. Nibbs. Mr. TOOLE's "novice," Miss VANBRUGH, and it suits her to a nicety. With a little more experience and "by careful attention to business," she will, I think, prove an acquisition to the stage. And then, how well Miss THORNE plays the Provincial Mayor's comfortable wife, with her good heart and her bad grammar. In fact the ladies of Mr. TOOLE's Theatre would be hard to beat anywhere.

Mr. Punch. Sir! Nobody would be so barbarous and ungentlemanly as to try. Talking of beating, how did the plot strike you?

Mr. Nibbs. Well, Sir, I was not knocked down by it. Granting the farcical element as essential, the plot is simple, and ingeniously constructed. The dialogue is good. The action drags a little in the Second Act.

Mr. Punch. And in one important situation the stage-management is decidedly faulty. This can be easily rectified.

Mr. Nibbs. Sir, you haven't said a word about the Actors.

Mr. Punch. *Place aux dames!* Let us come to "the Spear Side." Mr. BILLINGTON is more the peppery Old-English-Gentleman kind of parent of the standard farces and comedies, than the modern provincial monied snob, knighted for something or other—I didn't catch what—of this piece. Mr. WARD and Mr. LOWNE do their best to mark a contrast between two very ordinary types—with which the *collaborateurs* ought to have taken more trouble—

Mr. Nibbs. Certainly; and Mr. SKELTON's bit of character,—*Lord Babcombe*,—most artistically made up, belongs to too ancient an aristocratic stage-family to be of much benefit to Actor or Author. Mr. BRUNTON's deaf flyman, very cleverly impersonated, would bear toning down just a little. And, lastly, Mr. TOOLE as *David Trot*—a Dickensian name,—the Butler. Excellent, eh?

Mr. Punch. Yes, the part affords him considerable opportunities, of which he makes the most. His performance is, throughout, consistent, and he never once loses that air of respectful familiarity which would be the characteristic of an old and somewhat eccentric servant in a most peculiar household. Not having seen the very commencement of the play, I am not aware in what capacity he had started in life with his employers, who, when they are not bullying him, or dismissing him from their service, are constantly addressing him as "old friend," or asking him to sit down and chat. The young lady-companion gushes at him, and, on one or two separate occasions, nothing will satisfy her but kissing him. In such a Colney-Hatch family no Butler could possibly behave in any other way than as Mr. TOOLE does; and thus it is that this clever actor gives an air of probability to the strange scenes in which his lot has been cast by the Domestic Dramatists.

Mr. Nibbs. I see, Sir. If Mr. TOOLE were once extravagant or farcical in the midst of such fantastical surroundings, the interest would be immediately at an end, and the sooner the *dramatis personae* joined in a wild chorus, and danced a break-down, the better.

Mr. Punch. That is so. I have nothing but praise for Mr. TOOLE in this part. His fascinating bride, the Cook, who is most appropriately attired, ought to protest against the absurd costume in which the Butler thinks it becoming to array himself for the wedding. Altogether, it is really most amusing; and if you don't "roar" and "scream," at all events you laugh frequently and heartily, and the night I was there it was thoroughly appreciated by a very full House. *Au revoir!*

CONSERVATIVE DESCRIPTION OF MR. GLADSTONE.—"A Hawarden'd Sinner." Of course "in a Pickwickian sense."

A TRIPLET.



I AM, I really think, the most unlucky man on earth: A triple sorrow haunts me, and has done so from my birth. My lot in life's a gloomy one, I think you will agree: 'Tis bad enough to be a twin—but I am one of three!

No sooner were we born than Pa and Ma the Bounty claimed; I scarce can bear to think they did—it makes me feel ashamed. They got it, too, within a week, and spent it, I'll be bound, Upon themselves—at least, I know I never had my pound.

Our childhood's days in ignorance were lamentably spent, Although I think we more than paid the taxes and the rent; For we were shown as marvels, and—unless I'm much deceived—The smallest contributions were most thankfully received.

We grew up hale and hearty—would we never had been born!—As like to one another as three peas, or ears of corn. Between my brothers ICHABOD, ABIMELECH and me No difference existed which the human eye could see.

This likeness was the cause of dreadful suffering and pain To me in early life—it nearly broke my heart in twain; For while my conduct as a youth was fervently admired, That of my fellow-triplets left a deal to be desired.

I was amiable, and pious, too,—good deeds were my delight; I practised all the virtues—some by day, and some by night; Whilst ICHABOD imbrued himself in crime, and, sad to say, ABIMELECH, when quite a lad, would rather swear than pray.

Think of my horror and dismay when, in the Park at noon, An obvious burglar greeted me with, "Hullo! Ixx, old coon!" He vanished. Suddenly my wrists were gripped by P'liceman X.—"Young man, you are my pris'ner on a charge of forgin' cheques."

He ran me in, and locked me up, to moulder in a cell. The reason why he used me thus, alas! I knew too well. He took me for ABIMELECH, my erring brother dear, [cashier. Who was "wanted" by the Bank of which he'd been the chief

Next morn the Magistrate remarked, "This is a sad mistake, Though natural enough. I much regret it for your sake. But, if you will permit me to advise you, I should say Leave England for some other country, very far away.

"For, if you go on living in this happy sea-girt isle, Although your conduct (like my own) be pure and free from guile, Your likeness to those sinful men, your brothers twain, will lead, I fear, to very serious inconveniences indeed."

I took the hint, and sailed next day for distant Owhyhee,—As might have been expected, I was cast away at sea. A Pirate Lugger picked me up, and—dreadful to relate—ABIMELECH her Captain was, and ICHABOD her Mate.

I loved them, and they tempted me. To join them I agreed, Forsook the path of virtue, and did many a ghastly deed. For seven years I wallowed in my fellow-creatures' gore, And then—gave up the business, to settle down on shore.

My brothers, on retiring from the buccaneering trade, In which, I'm bound to say, colossal fortunes they had made, Renounced their wicked courses, married young and lovely wives, Went to church three times on Sundays, and led sanctimonious lives.

As for me,—I somehow drifted into villainess past belief, Earned unsavoury distinction as a drunkard and a thief; E'en in crime, ill-luck pursued me. I became extremely poor, And was finally compelled to beg my bread from door to door.

I'm deep down in the social scale; no lower can I sink. Upon the whole, experience induces me to think That virtue is not lucrative, and honesty's all fudge,—For ICHABOD's a Bishop—and ABIMELECH's a Judge!



NO END OF A BOA!

(A SKETCH AT BRIGHTON.)

"VELVET AND IRON!"

OH, pleasant sight! A Titan, mightier none,
Of valour fiercer, or of thews immenser—
Bending before a martial Amazon,
And in her honour swinging flattery's
censer!

When were its fumes more odorous or
denser?

A radiant subject for romantic art!

It makes one think of Tasso and of SPENSER,
The *Fuërie Queens* especially—the part
Where brave *Sir Artegall* bows to beauteous
Britomart.

"What iron courage ever could endure
To work such outrage on so fair a creature?"
Sings gentle EDMUND. Truly, to be sure!
'Twere sad to hurt a limb, to mar a feature
Of such a martial masterpiece of Nature.
She is as great, as proud, as brave as he,
Though not precisely of such towering
stature;

With that at least the lady must agree,
For valour is not proof 'gainst natural vanity.

He beat her once, but that was by a fluke,
And e'en *Sir Artegall*, "the salvage knight,"
Might from fair *Britomart* receive rebuke
By being vanquished in a second fight.
He himself owns it possible, a flight
Of candour and of courtesy indeed.

Saigner à blanc? Why should persistent
spite,

Or pride of arms, or all unknighly greed,
Still urge them, butcherlike, insatiably to
bleed?

No! *Surge tandem, carnifex*! Let ire
No longer drive them to unholy strife,

Or feed what zealots call "the holy fire."

Is it, still must it be, war to the knife?

When candour rules and compliments are
rife,

Why should the martial maid not soften now,
As *Britomart*, though warring for dear life
Did at the sight of *Artegall's* fair brow,
Before her maiden charms content to bend
and bow?

Who will not cry, "Certes, *Sir ARTEGALL*,
I joy to see you lout so low on ground"?
With stout *Sir SCUDAMORE*? Out, cynics all,
Who menace read where mildness should
be found!

The Iron gloved with Velvet may be found
In friendship firm as close in warlike clutch,
Hush the loud clang of arms that rings
around,

And reassure the doubting souls of such
As think the flattering Titan "doth protest
too much!"

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, lecturing on "Savages,"
said, "Kissing is unknown to Australians,
New Zealanders, Papuans, Esquimaux, and
other races." Who will argue against the
absolute necessity for an Imperial Educa-
tional Institute after this? To these be-
nighted tribes let us send out Missionaries,
or, say, "Kissionaries." Who'll volunteer?
Bachelors from Oxford and Cambridge. The
Kissionaries must be able to teach these
Savages the peaceful arts of Husbandry.

THE REAL REPRATING "RIFLE."—*Bill*
Sikes's periodical burglary season in the
suburbs.

DOMESTIC MELODIES;

OR, SONGS OF SENSE AND SENTIMENT.

(By Sancho Preston Panza.)

No. II.—TO LUCASTA, ON THINKING OF GOING
TO THE WARS.

TELL me not, Sweet, I am unkind,
Nor recreant to thy worth,
That in Bulgaria's wastes I find
A Special's trying berth.

True, from your Baywater I range,
And all its social zeal;
And, for too-doubtful lodgings, change
My residence genteel.

Yet this inconstancy is such
As you too will adore;
If I should stay at home too much,
You'd find me such a bore.

OUR ROYAL "HAMLET."—The day before
the meetings at St. James's Palace and the
Mansion House in furtherance of the proposed
scheme, the *Times* said:—"It is understood
that no element whatever will be introduced
that will risk the conversion of the Imperial
Institute into a mere Tea-garden." If it did
become a Tea-garden, the element of hot
water would soon be provided for everybody
connected with it. But this risk seems to be
getting more remote, as H.R.H. has carefully
noted *Mr. Punch's* pen and pencil argu-
ments, and has profited by the judicious
leaders on the subject in the *Times*, to which
journal he is evidently saying, as did the
Prince of Denmark to the beckoning *Ghost*,
"Lead on! I follow!" And the Spirit that
H.R.H. is well and wisely following is "The
Spirit of the 'Times.'"



“VELVET AND IRON!”

PRINCE BISMARCK (*with the utmost courtesy*). “MADAME, YOU ARE GREAT, POWERFUL, WARLIKE, AND IT WAS BY THE MEREST ACCIDENT THAT WE HAPPENED TO GET THE BETTER OF YOU!”

FRANCE (*aside*). “METHINKS THE GENTLEMAN DOETH PROTEST TOO MUCH!!”



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

Jones (under the impression that he is making himself agreeable). "I DON'T CARE A BIT FOR A PRETTY WOMAN, MYSELF! THEY HAVE NO CONVERSATION. I LIKE A PLAIN WOMAN, WHO HAS PLENTY TO SAY FOR HERSELF!"

VERY OLD TIMES AT THE MANSION HOUSE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

HAVING accepted for my young son, PLANTAGENET TUDOR, aged eight, the LORD MAYOR's courteous invitation for the Children's Fancy Ball, and having long been proud of the fact of our descent from the Portreve of London in the time of The Conqueror, I decided that PLANTAGENET should appear in that character. Strange to say, we have not preserved in our family traditions any details of our great ancestor, the Portreve's costume.

"Of course," said I, "as he was 'something in the City,' they will know at Guildhall."

My first visit was to the Guildhall Library, where I was received by a most courteous official (I may remark that all the City officials with which it was my pleasure to come in contact, were courteous), and explained, in a light-hearted way, that I wanted "a rough sketch—I didn't mind how rough—of a Portreve of London at the time of the Conquest."

"Well," replied the courteous official, "no doubt there were Portreves in those days, but it is not very easy to say what they wore."

"I suppose a gown, or a cloak, or something," I suggested.

"Yes," answered the courteous official, but with some hesitation, "very likely it was a gown, or a cloak, or some other robe. But I am afraid we don't know the colour or the shape."

"No?" I said, in a tone of bitter disappointment—"not know that! Well, did he wear a chain?"

"Well"—and the courteous official appeared to be buried in the deepest thought—"Yes. At least I think so."

Upon this I was shown into the Guildhall Library, and supplied with a number of books about the City's history. Alas! it was all modern! I could trace the Municipality sartorially back to HENRY THE EIGHTH with comfort, and even, by a little straining, catch a glimpse of King JOHN, but beyond all was mystery. However, I got the addresses of one or two City Companies where it seemed likely I should strike the trail. Amongst the rest I found on my notes

Lord Tuddesleigh.

BORN, OCT. 27TH, 1818. DIED, JAN. 12TH, 1887.

As on a calm and genial Autumn day
The sun-glow's softened shoen we scarce remember,
Until from mead and mount 'tis swept away
By some swift-shaping cloud-wrack of September,
So there are lives which shine so mildly on
Their radiance scarce is marked till it is gone.

Such his who by so swift and sad a stroke,
'Midst selfish strife and the base fume of faction,
Which round him, worn but selfless, raged and broke,
From well-loved fields of patriot thought and action,
Like a clear light was suddenly withdrawn,
Darkening the young year at its earliest dawn.

Disparaged and dispraised, 'midst foolish fires
Of showier lustre but less steady flaming,
The patience high that generous souls inspire,
The calm magnanimous, meander spirits shaming,
Held him above detraction's clamorous cry,
Pattern of proud but gentle chivalry.

The gifts of the arena, brass and blare,
Sly craft of fence, trick of impressive posing,
Were little his; the sophist's wordy snare,
The casuist's subtle shift and artful glossing
He shunned. A knightly sword he'd wield or whet,
But stooped not to the trident and the net.

So the arena's coarser heroes mocked
This antique fighter. And his place was rather
Where ARTHUR's knights in generous tourney shocked,
Than where swashbucklers meet or histrions gather:
Yet—yet his death has touched the land with gloom;
All England honours Chivalry at his tomb.

STANLEY IN THE CITY.—Meet and right was it that Mr. STANLEY, the Hero of the "Keep-it-Dark Continent," who has all his life been labouring for the liberty of African slaves, should last week have been presented with "The Freedom of the City"! And the sign of this Freedom is—a golden chain round the neck. The Corporation is provident. The African Turtle is said to make the best soup. The Freedman will show his gratitude.

Barbers' Hall, where an old picture, showing the shape of livery gowns, was preserved. I went there, the door was opened by a courteous official, who assumed that of course I had come to see the picture.

"It is rather dark, Sir," he said, "but I will get a candle."

The light was produced, and then I was taken into a large apartment and shown a Holbein of almost priceless value. I fancy to the surprise of the custodian, instead of going into raptures over the merits of the painting, all I did was to scrutinise the cut of the livery gowns. This was the first of many similar visits. I rushed from Hall to Hall, and this is a summary of what I discovered:—

1. That the Portreve came from the Romans, and the Lord Mayor from the Portreve.

2. That the Portreve wore a chain, but the rest of his costume was uncertain.

3. That the Lord Mayor is next to the Sovereign in the City, and may walk about with his sword and mace, with the precedence of an Earl everywhere else.

I hunted high and low, consulting PLANCHÉ and even "Mrs. MARKHAM." At length, wearied with the fatigue of hurried research, I was seated in the library of my Club, surrounded by books of costume, and began once again to look up "hoods" and livery-gowns. Everybody's friend, WAGSTAFF, saw my difficulty in a second.

"My dear fellow," he said, "go to old MESHACH's, the costumier. He'll tell you." And he did too. He knew "how a Portreve wath dreth'd, bleth yer." I was on the point of accepting his authority, when RONALD ROWLAND, the well-known antiquarian and actor, set me right. For all that, I have a sneaking respect for MESHACH as a historian.

Yours, out of his troubles,

THE FATHER OF THE PORTRAVE OF WILLIAM THE FIRST.

MEM. BY A GALWAY MAN.

"THE QUEEN'S WRIT" appears like an infant ungrown,
For—in Ireland at least—it can't yet "run" alone.



"THE FINISHING TOUCH."

Hairdresser (chatty). "THERE, SIR. IF YOU CAN SUGGEST ANY FURTHER IMPROVEMENT, I CAN—"

Old Gent. "WELL—JUST A LITTLE THICKER ON THE TOP, MR. SHIPSON, I THINK!—A LITTLE MORE!"

A CASE OF CHAMPAGNE.—As the British Tar used to say in the good old days of Nautical Melodrama, "The man who would lay his hand on a woman, save in the way of kindness, is a villain, whom 'twere base flattery to call coward!" and we emphatically say that the individual who forges champagne-marks and substitutes some wretched stuff for the genuine article, is a villain of the deepest dye. Dreadful to think of a fiend in human shape thus "playing old gooseberry" with his victims. In a French paper we read that up to the present time the trade-mark of POMMERY AND GRENÔ has defied the most ingenious imitators. He'd be a bold man who should try to palm off on us fine old creaming cider as Pommery '74 sec, or Ditto '80. Where are "the sons of the widow," who would not avenge such an insult to the sparkling Veuve Pommery, or resent a wrong done to the Veuve Clicquot, ever sweet and very dear to many of us, bless her! whom we remember many years ago.

Note for the Defence.—Would it avail in law to plead, that in dealing with a customer, the alleged offenders had always truly described their falsely-labelled champagne as The Genuine "sham?"

WHICH, OR RATHER PUZZLING!

"Have not lotteries been put down in this country; do not the police relentlessly pursue little boys who gamble for farthings by the wayside? and are not the professors of the three-card trick and the manipulator of the nimble pea liable to punishment as rogues and vagabonds? It would be interesting if some of your local correspondents would explain the essential difference between these forms of gambling and that which is now so openly pursued on so large a scale, with the assistance and for the emolument of the censors of public morals."—*Letter to the "Times."*

ACT I.—A London Street. *Juvenile Offender against the Public Gambling and Lotteries Act deeply engaged with his compeers in the mysteries of a game of "Chuck-Farthing."*

Juvenile Offender (finishing his turn). Done yer, that time. I collars the lot.

[Sweeps three halfpence off the pavement, and commits them to his pocket.

Observant Policeman (intervening). So that's your little game, is it? I've been a-watching of you. You'll just come along with me.

[Seizes him.] *Juvenile Offender (struggling).* Why, wot 'ave I been a-doing wrong? I've only been a-playing at Chuck-Farthing with them coves. Wot's the 'arm?

[Howls.] *Observant Policeman.* Wot's the 'arm? The Magistrate will soon let you know that. You'll come along.

[Drags him off to judgment, and vindicates the majesty of the Law.]

ACT II.—A Suburban Interior. *Mature Offender against the Public Gambling and Lotteries Act discovered in a back parlour, sedulously occupied in opening a pile of letters enclosing answers to advertised Enigma, together with Stamps and Shilling Postal Orders.*

Mature Offender (ticking them off). Let's see. That makes two hundred and fifteen more. Not a bad haul, by Jove! How many words can be got out of "Exercising"? Ha! ha! How many fools, would be nearer the mark.

Postman knocks. He leaves 117 letters directed to "X. X. X." Domestic staggers in with them on a tea-tray.

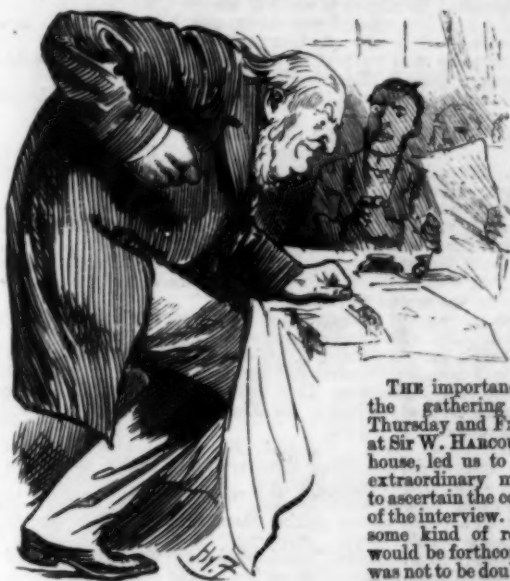
Domestic (shooting correspondence on to table). Here, Sir, this is for you. Here's another lot of 'em.

Mature Offender (gleefully extracting their contents). Come, this is capital! Over sixteen pounds already! Who would have thought they'd bite so well!

[Stuffs his pockets full of Orders, and goes off to the nearest Office to cash them, thinking by the way over his next new Puzzle, and, noticing the Policeman apprehending the Juvenile Offender, thanks his stars he lives in a land where there is as yet one law for the back-parlour and another for the gutter.]

SOMETHING ABOUT THE KNAVEY.—*Driven Home, a Tale of Destiny*, by EVELYN OWEN, is certainly one of the most sensational stories ever published. The plot deals with Chiswick, San Francisco, gold-diggings, ghosts, card-cheating, and Lynch Law. Some of the spectral effects are intense, and include a card (the Knave of Hearts) which suffers from a peculiarly weird sort of dys-pips-ia. We will not reveal the secret for worlds. Produced by the publisher of *Called Back*, this certainly clever novelette is sure to be popular. The Knave of Hearts, in spite of its eccentricities, is a safe card.

THE ROUND-TABLE CONFERENCE.



THE importance of the gathering on Thursday and Friday at Sir W. HARCOURT'S house, led us to take extraordinary means to ascertain the course of the interview. That some kind of report would be forthcoming was not to be doubted.

In fact, as our readers know, several reports have been published, affording a wide choice to the public. What we desired to provide for the civilised world was a precise, we may say, a stenographic report of what took place within the jealously closed doors of 7, Grafton Street. The task was full of difficulty, but one undertaken in similar circumstances, had at no remote date been brilliantly accomplished. Our esteemed contemporary the *Puddle Muddle Gazette*, had supplied in its earliest edition a report, almost *verbatim*, of proceedings in the first Cabinet Council held after the resignation of Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL. If we could only borrow the *Puddle Muddle Gazette's* young man, our task would be easy. We entered upon negotiations which proved successful, and at an early hour on Thursday morning, what we may call for the occasion, our Young Man set out for Grafton Street, and has since sent in his report.

What seems to have struck him most forcibly at the outset, was the fact that the Round-Table was square. What was more to the purpose was to find it covered with a cloth, whose ample folds almost swept the ground. Scarcely had our Young Man taken his seat (on the floor) than Lord HERSCHELL entered, looked round the room, pulled the curtains a little closer, and poked the fire with the butt end of the telescope which, from family associations, he always carries with him. Presently Mr. JOHN MORLEY, who had walked over from the Athenæum Club, arrived and shook hands with Lord HERSCHELL. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN drove up in a 'bus to the corner of the street. Descending, they walked thence arm-in-arm to No. 7. It was observed that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, whose coat was closely buttoned, swung an umbrella in his right hand. Latest to arrive was the host himself, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, who drove up in a Hansom cab, having been to pay a visit to one of his Royal connections.

"Hi! hi! what's this?" said the cabman, holding out his hand, and looking scornfully at a coin which the Right Honourable Gentleman had deposited there.

"That's a shilling," said Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, blandly; "and what is more, I am the late Home Secretary, and if our work goes well to-day and to-morrow, I may be so again."

With remarkable alacrity the cabman thrust the coin in his pocket and drove off. Sir WILLIAM, softly smiling to himself and caressing with thumb and forefinger his abundant chin, strode into the house.

"Well, Gentlemen," said Lord HERSCHELL, "I think we are all here, and may get to business. I am quite sorry to bring you out in such inclement weather."

"It's very bad for the pictures," said Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN. "I have been to the Grosvenor two or three times, and hardly know what the pictures are like."

"The roads are intolerable," Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT chimed in. "If I'd stayed in office and passed a Government of London Bill, things would have been very different."

"It's anxious times with hothouse culture," said Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. "You might have everything ruined in one night, if the fires should by any chance go down."

"By the way," said Sir W. HARCOURT, "strange thing happened just before I left home a quarter of an hour ago. A messenger arrived with a letter in a large envelope addressed to me, marked Immediate. The man brought it up, leaving the messenger in the hall. I opened it, and it contained nothing but a back number of the *Puddle Muddle Gazette*; nothing marked in it. I sent the man down to ask the messenger what it meant, but he had gone. Well, where shall we begin, and how shall we go about it?"

"I have thought," said Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, "that perhaps you would like to hear what I have to say. I have therefore drawn up my views on this sheet of paper—"

"I beg pardon," said Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT; "very awkward of me."

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN (looking across the table with air of surprise) continued—"on this sheet of paper, which I will read if you like."

"Perhaps, Lord HERSCHELL would read it?" said Mr. MORLEY.

"Certainly," said Lord HERSCHELL, "it seems nicely written."

(Began reading.) "Much misunderstanding has existed with reference to the position I have taken up on the question of Irish Home Rule. Being myself of noncombative disposition, I have submissively borne the misrepresentations that have enveloped me. But I think the time has come when a common understanding should be arrived at between myself and my old colleagues. To that end I—"

Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT: "I beg your pardon, that's the second time I've kicked you."

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN (laughing): "You really haven't touched me once."

"Then, it must have been you I kicked," said Sir WILLIAM, looking across at Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S partner.

Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN: "Not at all."

Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT (lifting up the table-cloth and looking underneath): "Then who is it?"

It was our Young Man!

This is as far as the report goes. Our Young Man explained that he had brought it home rather in a hurry to be in time for the Fourth Edition. That's all very well; but there is about the report an obvious absence of completeness. In that famous account of what took place in the Cabinet Council, the narrative finished with the statement that Ministers were "still sitting when we went to press." Couldn't we have something like that to wind up this report? Suppose we concluded the report with the observation "left sitting?" But our Young Man (who limps a little) demurred to the accuracy of this description. It seems they are anxious, above all things, for accuracy at the *Puddle Muddle Gazette* Office. Four of the gentlemen in conference might have been sitting when Our Young Man left; but he has the strongest conviction that Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT was standing on one leg, his right foot extended.

We wanted Our Young Man to return and complete the narrative with an account of Friday's proceedings. But he seems to have lost all interest in the affair, and offers to do us a bombardment instead. We will think about this. In the meantime we have the satisfaction of knowing that the morning papers will be green with envy at our enterprise in furnishing even this fragmentary *verbatim* account of the proceedings at the Conference.

"OUR NOTES AND QUERIES."

Put and Answered in "Queen's" English.

BRITANNY.—There are, we should say, few places now in Brittany where one can be comfortably boarded and lodged on threepence a day. "HOPE ON HOPE EVER'S" best plan would be to go and try it.

MARGATE.—There is no stag-hunting to be had here in the months of January, February, and March. It is unlikely that Mr. SANGER would let the Wild Elk from his Collection at the Hall-by-the-Sea out on hire for the purpose, as "DAMOCLES" suggests. He had better apply to some respectable proprietor in the Black Forest.

PEKIN.—Can anyone tell me the most economical way of getting to the above place. We are a family of fifteen, and five of us are dip-somanics. We should therefore prefer an hotel with iron gratings to the windows. Do you know of any such, and also can you inform me whether there is a resident English beadle, and any public institution where Backgammon can be played gratis.—INQUIRING CHERREYLOSSOM.

WAPPING.—Can anyone tell me what sort of place I should find Wapping as a winter residence? Also, what of the society? as I have six unmarried daughters, I should like to know that it is select. I should be glad, moreover, if any of your readers could furnish me with the names of one or two of the best-regulated and most fashionable pensions.—GLASS SLIPPER.

ROME AND THE NEWLY-CANONISED.—"Saints enough in the Calendar, and to spare," some may say. "I don't profess to be a saint myself," observes Mr. Punch; "but however many there may be, no true Englishman can object to MORE."

STUDIES FROM MR. PUNCH'S STUDIO.

No. XIII.—THE SYMPATHETIC FLIRT.

THE sun set, and the southern darkness fell swiftly on the muddy puddle that a few adventurous Boers know as "Böster's Pan."



Mr. Punch draws this Scene on his Canvas.

Under the one tree that would be reflected in the Pan, if its surface were capable of reflecting anything, sat three emaciated, sun-dried white men, each looking out in a different direction across the *celdt*. Each, indifferent to the proceedings of his neighbours, was smoking his last pipeful of tobacco, after eating his last inch of *biltung*. Not one of them had a cartridge left in his pouch, nor a button on his coat, nor a card in his card-case. Silent they sat there; from opposite quarters each had travelled that day to the scanty springs of Böster's Pan. Each had lost all his Bushmen guides; some the alligator had taken, some the fever, some the lion, some the Tzetzze fly. Each was Alone! Fagged, disconsolate, and unintroverted, these three Europeans gazed silently over the rolling *celdt*, one looking southwards to the sea, one northwards to the Suleiman Range, one westwards to the sunset.

Then each took from his pocket a worn letter, carefully unfolded its frayed creases, and began to pore over lines which were obviously dear, though they must long have been perfectly familiar.

Suddenly, splendid in silver, beamed the glorious African moon in the high amber zenith.

The first comer, a soldierlike person, turned to the orb'd maiden, and murmured, "MARGARET!"

The second comer, looking eagerly at the brilliant satellite, whispered, "MARGARET!"

The last comer, whose keen features wore the pale cast of the student, gazing with all his eyes on the lambent glory, moaned, "MARGARET!"

Then each looked on his neighbour suspiciously, and each felt for his revolver and hunting-knife.

"Gentlemen," said the eldest of the three, "I am a stranger to you. May I ask if your imitation of my conduct, for which I am perfectly ready to offer you every satisfaction, is an intentional mockery?"

"We were both going to put the same question to you, and to each other," said his companions.

"Our last night has obviously come," murmured the eldest of the three. "Let us pass it—'tis our hearty English fashion—in discoursing of our first loves! She who can never be mine, at our latest meeting, bade me, when I looked on the rising moon, to remember her, and an affection and sympathy which, she declared, would be deathless, though, as for love, that was beyond her power to give. And really she always was most kind and sympathetic. Of course, you know," drawing his dusty sleeve across his eyes, where glistened a purer drop than any in Böster's Pan, "of course she is not to blame for a fellow's falling in love with her. Is she now?"

"Your words," replied the second Englishman, "remind me strangely of my own fortune. I, too, loved a MARGARET; the sweetest, the kindest of her sex. 'My heart,' she whispered, as we parted, 'is not mine to offer. To you, dear friend,'—she called me dear friend," he said, with a sob,—"to you I do not mind imparting a woman's secret. Since my earliest girlhood love has not been mine to give: the grass grows over it. Farewell! and whenever you look on the—" "Rising moon!" exclaimed the third, taking up the discourse, "you will remember MARGARET!"

"This thing is becoming annoying!" exclaimed the eldest pilgrim. "How can the coincidence be accounted for? She whom I loved was tall—" "And slim."

"Willow!" exclaimed the student, enthusiastically.

"Her dark hair—" "Crowned the purest brow."

"Her eyes—" "Were of a deep soft grey," interrupted the youngest of the company.

"When we parted," the eldest went on, like a lonely soul in self-commune, "she implored me ever to think of her as a friend—"

"A sister—"

"A guardian angel!"

"She asked me always to write to her—"

"And tell her what I was doing, and how my heart's sorrow schooled me to help others to bear their yoke—"

"And to be sure to forward any verses I might write," said the youngest, coming in like a chorus.

"Dear girl!—all sympathy and generous tenderness!—she asked me to speak of her to—"

"My mother!" whispered the second.

"My elder brother," murmured the third, "the Duke of PETERSFIELD. She asked me who was my dearest friend, and I mentioned old JACK—Heaven bless him!"

"Why, you are Lord ARTHUR VAVASOUR!" said the eldest man.

"I am," replied the stranger; "but what are titles—above all, courtesy titles—at a moment like this?"

"Would that we three men, met here to die, and each for love of a different woman, could show each other the face of our dearest!" exclaimed the second traveller.

As at the word of command each drew from his breast a diamond-studded locket. Each opened his own reliquary, each gazed at his neighbour's, each exclaimed, "By George! MARGARET MERRYTON!" At that moment, through the darkness and the silence, whirled the noise of flying wheels. They listened, they doubted, they hoped, then came certainty. It was the Kimberley mail-cart on its way to Kukuanaaland.

"Hi! Stop! Woh! Oop-trek, Baas!" shouted three manly voices, and the driver, seeing three revolvers within an inch of his breast, drew up his smoking horses.

"Gentlemen, spare me!" he said. "Don't rob the diamond-bags! My bread depends on my getting them through. It's as much as my place is worth."

"Bother the diamonds!" exclaimed each wayfarer, with all an Englishman's eagerness. "Have you got the newspapers?"

"Oh, if that's all," said the driver, "I can wait while you read them by the light of the mail-cart's lamps."

Each seized his favourite journal like a starving man. For months these Englishmen had not seen a *Pall Mall Gazette*! Each turned to the page that bears the tidings of home and friends sorely longed for, to Britain's wandering sons, on the *celdt*, the mountain, the wave, and in the Arctic Circle and elsewhere. Then from each manly breast came a groan, and these words followed—

"She's married a Duke!" "She's run in old JACK!"

"At St. George's, Hanover Square, to His Grace the Duke of PETERSFIELD, Miss MARGARET MERRYTON."

"By Jove!" they all exclaimed, with unanimous decision, "she was a confounded Sympathetic Flirt!"

They then insisted on driving back to Kimberley, where every comfort awaited them, and dinner was served in mine host's usual style at the "Star and Garter."

A PROPHET IN HIS OWN COUNTRY.

PRINCE BISMARCK in his speech delivered on Thursday declared that he did not expect to live three years longer. No doubt the eminent Statesman has calculated the effect of the actions he proposes to perform, and, therefore, is in a position to foretell accurately the date of his decease. We should not be surprised if his "plan of campaign" ran as follows:—

1887. 2nd Quarter. Cession of Bulgaria to Russia, and threatened bombardment of Vienna.

3rd Quarter. Letter of congratulation to Her Majesty the QUEEN of ENGLAND, and attempt to seize the British Australian Colonies.

4th Quarter. Fraternal greeting to the PRESIDENT of the FRENCH REPUBLIC and partially successful effort to destroy Paris by dynamite.

1888. 1st Quarter. Cession of Spain to Italy, Belgium and Holland to Norway, and Switzerland to Austria, on the conditions that Germany is allowed to do what she pleases with France.

2nd Quarter. Germany seizes New Zealand, Borneo, and Bombay. On remonstrances being offered to Prince BISMARCK, he apologises, and says he is forced to recognise the situation.

3rd Quarter. Bombardment of Rome, and destruction of Brighton. Investment of St. Petersburg, and burning of Vienna. Prince BISMARCK explains that all this is done in the cause of peace.

4th Quarter. Occupation of Ireland, and Marseilles converted permanently into a German port. At a grand banquet, Prince Von BISMARCK assures his audience that it is ridiculous to talk of war.

1889. 1st Quarter. Further aggression. Planting of the German flag on the soil of Australia, which causes annoyance to England.

2nd Quarter. Persecution of Jews. Worshipping Christians. Quarrels fostered everywhere. Prince BISMARCK sings the praises of peace.

3rd Quarter. Europe plunged into a suicidal war. Everything conquered or crippled. Prince BISMARCK is more assured of peace than ever.

4th Quarter. Indignation Meeting of all Nationalities. Discovery of treachery, and sudden decease of Prince BISMARCK.

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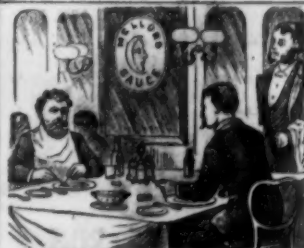
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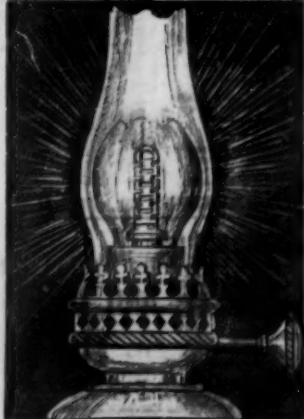
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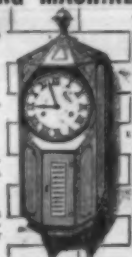
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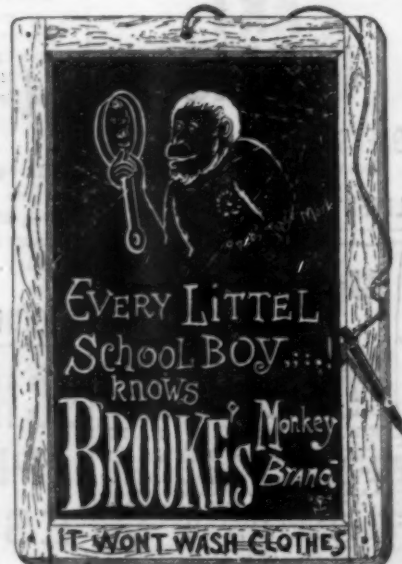
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